

EXTRACT.

THE COMMON LOT.

Our beautiful creature!
Full of life, hope, and health;
Blessed with every blessing—
Lank and beauty and wealth.
Your face has smiles as gladness—
As sunny hours, that play—
Owes the golden meadows—
Through the long summer day.

You have friends to caress you—
Lovers to gladden you;
Boy's strong rose—
Or flattery on your way.

You look as though no tears drop—
Had dimmed those lovely eyes.

Your mouth seems made for smiling—
Not made for warty signs.

Our beautiful creature!

Would I could be like you!

Full of life, hope, and gladness,

For looks and bright and true.

—Amen.

It is this the beautiful creature:

Forgiven but yesterday!

Today her bright life seems ended,

And emptied of all delight.

Sis in the saddest silence;

Her heart is too numb to weep;

You can see that the night has passed

In vigil, and not in sleep.

Death came on the eve had melted

Into the arms of night,

And called her nearest and dearest—

To the realms of endless light.

And so she sits in the silence;

Crushed, and your heart would acho

These few hours up to breaking.

Hearts come, and yet do not break.

May God forgive us the envy

I felt only yesterday;

God pity the heart so blighted,

And emptied of all delight.

KATE TAYLOR-BROWNE, in Public Opinion.

ODD STORIES ABOUT RING 4.

The late Colonel G. Paulet Cameron, G.B., possessed a singularly curious ring, called the "Tiger's Claw," to which was attached an episode of a singular character, related by the historian of India. About the year 1650, Seringha founded the Mahratta monarchy, which subsequently was destined to become one of the most powerful that arose on the ruins of the Mogul empire. At the period of its first rising, it was of the highest importance for Seringha to gain possession of the rich and renowned city of Bocca, which, at that period, was said by Eastern writers to be thirty miles in circumference. Finding he was not strong enough to take it by force, he sought an interview with the Mogul governor, Afzool Khan. It was agreed that he should be sent to the Khan, who, it is said, was a single follower. At the appointed time Seringha prepared himself for what he considered a holy work by the ceremonies of religion, and the solace of maternal approbation. He performed his ablutions with peculiar care, and, pronouncing himself at his mother's feet, he began his blessing. Thus morally purified for the conflict, he did not, however, neglect to provide himself with the most substantial requisites of success and safety. To appearance, his covering was a tiger's tunic and a cotton gown, but beneath he wore a steel-chain cap, and steel armour. Within his right sleeve was placed a crooked dagger, called by the language of the country a scorpion, and on the fingers of his left-hand, a scorpion was called a "tiger's claw," which consists of three crooked blades of small dimensions, the whole being easily concealed in a half-closed hand. Thus advanced, he advanced to the place of meeting. The Khan had arrived before him, and Seringha, as he approached, frequently stopped as though under the influence of alarm. To assure him, the armed attendant of the Mahratta general removed a few paces distant from his master, and the latter approaching Seringha, the conference commenced by the ordinary ceremonial of an embrace. The Mahratta prepared to make the most of his opportunity, and struck the tiger's claw into the body of the Khan, following the blow by another from his dagger. The Khan drew his sword, and made a cut at the assassin, but it fell harmless on the concealed armour. Seringha's followers rushed to his support, and a preconcerted signal being given, a body of troops attacked those of his adversary, who had been stationed at a little distance, and who, being unprepared for such an attack, found themselves exposed to an enemy before they could stand to their arms. The victory enriched Seringha with a vast amount of plunder; but this was little compared with the accession of reputation which he owed to it; the perpetration of so successful a treacherous act, in the highest exercise of human genius. Onwardly the tiger's claw like two rings of plain coloured stones on different fingers, but these are connected invariably by the formidable weapon mentioned. The ring of invisibility, such as "Grynes" said to have worn, "coupled a large share of popular superstition in early times. In a curious and rare work, entitled "The Mjick of Kiran, King of Persia, and of E-querat" —printed in the year 1653—is a curious receipt for making this charmed ring. "Divide the ring of a quail, or of the sea-turtle, with a little water in a glass vessel for seven days, then add a little oil; put a little of this into the candle, or only anoint a rug, and light among the company; and they will look upon themselves as devils on fire, so that every one will run his way. In the sardonyx stone, engrave a quail, and under its feet a sea-turtle, and put a little of the said confection under the stone in the hollow of the ring, and when you are unwilling to be seen, anoint your face all over with the aforesaid confection, and wear the ring; and no man shall see you, if you do anything in the house; do not, if you should take any thing away, that is in the house." The stone of invisibility was formerly kept at Carlisle in Northumberland, the city whence St. David journeyed into Pembrokeshire. It is mentioned in the Triads thus: "The stone of the King of Lluned, which liberated Owen, the son of Uthen, from 'between the portcullis and the wall'; who ever concealed that stone, or bezel would conceal him." The "Stone of Remembrance," also alluded to in the "Mabinogion," was a jewel endowed with invaluable properties, which it imparted, not only to its wearer, but to anyone who looked upon it. "Rombury," says Iddes, "to the enchanted dreamer on the yellow calm skin, 'dost thou see the ring, with a stone set in it, that is upon the Emperor's hand?'" "I see it," he answered; "it is one of the properties of that stone, to enable thee to remember what thou seest, here to-night, and hast, that not seen the stone, thou wouldst never have been able to remember aught thereof." The ring of invisibility, which belonged to Oset, King of Lombardy, given to him by the Queen-mother, when he went to gain his marriage—the Soldier's daughter, had among other virtues, the very useful one of detecting the wearer, the right road to take in travelling. The fish and the ring, however, is one of the oldest traditions, we have. In the fable of the fish, the prodigies of Solomon's ring is duly related, and ancient writers have enlarged upon the same theme. "Here is Hippo," says Augustine, "there is a poor and holy old man, by name Florentius, who obtained a living by it.

This man once lost his eye, and, not being able to purchase another to replace it, he came to the shrine of the Twenty Martyrs in this city, and prayed alone to them, beseeching that they would enable him to get another garment. A number of silly boys, who overheard him, followed him on his departure, scoffing at him, and asking him whether he had begged thy pence from the martyrs to buy a coat. The poor man went on silently towards home, and, as he passed near the sea, he saw a large fish which had been cast upon the sand, and was still panting. The other persons who were present allowed him to take up the fish, which he brought to one Catosis, a cook, and a good Christian, who taught it of him for three hundred pence. With this he meant to purchase wood, which his wife might spin, and make up a garment for him. When the cook cut up the fish, he found within its belly a ring of gold, which his conscience persuaded him to give to the poor man from whom he bought the fish. He did so, saying at the same time, "Behold how the Twenty Martyrs clothed you!"

Many stories have been related of the recognition of persons by a ring. The following instance has been recorded by Do Thau and other French historians. In 1562, Roque was besieged by the Protestants, and the governor of the city, Montgomery, having observed the dauntless bravery of an officer under his command, Paulet de Civille, intrusted him with the defence of a fortified gate. While thus engaged, he was shot through the head by a musket, and rendered insensible. Falling from the rampart, and considerably dashed, he was thrown into a ditch, and some earth was lightly thrown over him. He lay thus from ten in the morning until six in the evening. His faithful servant, named Burre, hearing of the sad fate of his master, obtained permission in search for the body, and bare it buried. All his care seemed fruitless, for the body was disfigured and covered with mud. He was about to return disconsolate, when he observed, by the light of the moon, something shining, brilliant, and stooping down, he found it preceded from a diamond which his master wore in ring. On touching the finger, he found there was some warmth in it; and he conveyed the body tenderly to the garrison shore the body was examined and pronounced lifeless. The servant, however, was satisfied with this opinion, and remained watching his master, until after four days of insensibility. Civille regained his senses and was restored to consciousness. This remarkable man, who was born in 1537, and died in 1612, was the hero of numberless adventures and critical escapes. D'Auligny, the historian relates— "I saw him at the national assemblies, a deputy from Normandy, forty-two years after his wound, and I observed that when we signed our depositions, he always added: 'François de Civille, three times dead, three times buried, and three times, by God's grace, restored to life!'"—*All the Year Round.*

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

I think I have a new Lincoln-Stanton. At least the Congressman who told it spoke as though he had just discovered the document which is it. It was an application for a chaplaincy in the army, with a series of endorsements by Lincoln and Stanton on the case, which ran over the available space on the application and down on half of paper which had been added to receive them. These were the endorsements, each being dated: "Dear Stanton: Appoint me a chaplain in the army. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: He is not a preacher. E. M. Stanton." Three or four pounds of paper evidence, and then we have "Dear Stanton: Appoint him. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton: Appoint him. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: I will not. E. M. Stanton." And he didn't. But apparently he told so applicant that he could have his application on file, for there it is, among the dry old documents. *Washington Letter to Philadelphia Record.*

THE FESTIVAL OF THE BATH IN MADAGASCAR.

A remarkable and interesting ceremony, which is truly described in the *Madagascar Times* of the 26th of November, was performed at Antanarivo on the 21st of that month. It was the *Phandran*, or Festival of the Bath. The Queen was carried into a hall in a palanquin borne by four officers, and when she had taken her seat on the throne the choir sang an English hymn.

All the Malagasy present were dressed in home-made fabrics which looked very picturesque. A large earthen jar, filled with hot water, having been conveyed to an adjacent apartment, the Queen retired, and there, bathed, she resumed and resumed

the ceremony of reparation which he owed to it, the purification of his sins, and the highest exercise of human genius. Onwardly the tiger's claw like two rings of plain coloured stones on different fingers, but these are connected invariably by the formidable weapon mentioned. The ring of invisibility, such as "Grynes" said to have

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